

The Daily Mirror

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1914

One Halfpenny.

"SUMNER" FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE LIVERPOOL SACK CRIME.



Sumner in the dock between two policemen.



George Ball, alias Sumner. He is twenty-two years old.



Samuel Elftoft.



The crowd outside St. George's Hall.

Mr. Tobin.



Miss Bradfield.

George Ball, alias Sumner, was found guilty of the murder of Miss Bradfield at Liverpool yesterday and sentenced to death, while Samuel Angeles Elftoft, his fellow-prisoner, was found guilty of being an accessory after the fact, and sentenced to four

years. The case aroused extraordinary interest in the Mersey seaport, and St. George's Hall, where the trial was held, was besieged by people; in fact, nothing like it has been seen since the Maybrick case. Sumner was defended by Mr. Tobin.



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This new discovery has been called **Curicones**. It is quite harmless, and is now prescribed by over 200 doctors.

Curicones is not a mysterious patent medicine, but a scientific preparation, admitted to be one of the most valuable discoveries made for the cure of—

**RHEUMATISM—GOUT—LUMBAGO—
SCIATICA—RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS—
NEURITIS, &c., &c.**

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This Free Coupon entitles bearer to illustrated book on Rheumatic Affections and free treatment card. Cut this out and post it to-day with your NAME AND ADDRESS to Messrs. Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Dept. K, 21, Farringdon Street, London.

If you are, therefore, suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, from pains or swellings, send your name and address to-day, with free coupon, to Messrs. **STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co. Ltd., Dept. K, 21, Farringdon Street, London**, and you will receive by return the Book giving full particulars of this great discovery and also an order entitling persons of limited means to obtain free treatment.

RHEUMATISM



Prime Beef & Vegetables in Dainty Cubes

You don't have to sacrifice the **FLAVOUR** of prime beef to get its wholesomeness and food value. You thought you had to? But that is because you have been using ordinary beef extract—harsh flavoured and unpleasing in appearance and smell—and not made as **YOU** would make it in your own kitchen.

The most tempting joint and best cooked vegetables ever served at your table were not more tempting, or more delicious, than the flavour and savour that greet your delighted senses when you taste a cup of—

IVELCON

6 Cubes 6d., 12 Cubes 1/-, 50 Cubes 3/6^d *Elton's* Grocers & Stores.

ST. IVEL, LTD., YEOLV *Summer and gentle*

"I AM INNOCENT" CALMLY DECLARED SUMNER WHEN SENTENCED TO DEATH

Jury Find Him Guilty of Miss Bradfield's Murder.

4 YEARS FOR ELTOFT

Younger Prisoner "An Accessory After the Fact."

WOMAN SHOUTS AT JUDGE

George Ball (alias Sumner), aged twenty-two, guilty of wilful murder of Miss Bradfield and sentenced to death.

Samuel Angelos Eltoft, aged eighteen, guilty of being an accessory after the fact. Sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

The jury recommended Eltoft to mercy on account of his youth and owing to the fact that he was influenced by Ball.

With these verdicts and sentences the dramatic trial of the two young men for the sack murder—Ball and Eltoft—ended before Mr. Justice Atkin, at Liverpool Assizes yesterday.

The long-drawn-out drama reached its close in an atmosphere of suppressed emotion—tense, strained, electrical.

The silence of the hushed spectators and the grave words of the Judge deepened everyone's sense of the tragedy of it all—the tragedy of a woman cut down in her prime, and of two youths, before whom a golden vista of life should be opening, arraigned for murder.

And behind this grim drama were anguished breaking hearts—the mother whom Eltoft never missed kissing at night; the father who had proudly stated in the witness-box that in that hall—where Judge and jury were now trying him—his boy gained the list of many educational prizes.

The jury's verdict must have come as some relief to them, for their son was not guilty of murder, but Eltoft himself betrayed his emotion by the constant twitching of his boyish innocent-looking face. Far different was the attitude of Ball. His marvellous self-possession, which had been the wonder of everyone during his long ordeal in the witness-box, did not desert him when the terrible words "Guilty of wilful murder" were pronounced by the foreman of the jury.

(Photographs on page 1.)

"OH, YOU BRUTE!"

By a declaration of his innocence, Ball met his sentence.

With steady eyes he watched the Judge place the black cap on his head. Then, when asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "I have only to say that I am innocent."

"You have been found guilty on evidence that must have brought conviction to the mind of every responsible person who heard it," remarked the Judge.

To Eltoft, who declared "I am not guilty either of killing or murder," Mr. Justice Atkin replied, "There is very little doubt that you knew something of the crime and should have made the criminal known."

When sentence of imprisonment was passed on Eltoft a woman, said to be his mother, shouted, "Oh, you brute," but her remark was ignored.

JUDGE'S SUMMING UP.

In slow, deliberate terms Mr. Justice Atkin delivered his summing up to the jury.

"Only one man in court," he declared, "knew who murdered Miss Bradfield, and that was Ball."

The Judge said that he had searched with some anxiety to see whether the Crown presented any theory to explain Eltoft's participation in the crime, and pointed out that the youth's clothing was not blood-stained, and that none of the property of the murdered woman was found upon him.

Having dealt with the question of the guilt or innocence of Ball and Eltoft of murder, the Judge went on to speak of the evidence in so far as it affected the second charge against Eltoft of being accessory after the fact.

His Lordship said there hardly seemed to be room for two men to have taken part in the murder; therefore it was difficult to see what part Eltoft had taken. He thought the jury would hesitate for a long time before they came to a decision as to the guilt of Eltoft of the crime of murder.

One point after another was dealt with by his Lordship in those quiet tones that would have been almost conversational were it not for the gravity both of fact and voice.

He impressed upon the jury the necessity for an absence of doubt, and, referring to Eltoft, said: "You cannot convict him of murder if you have any doubt that he took part in the killing of the woman."

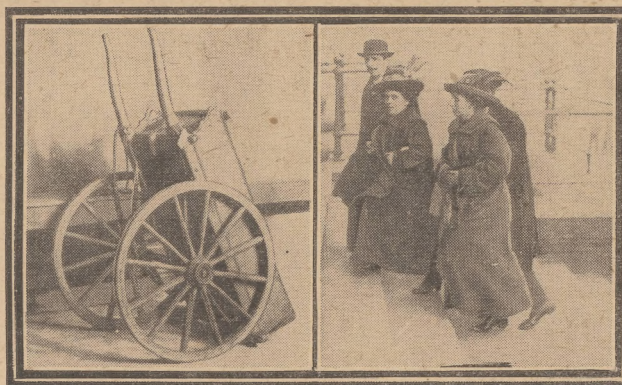
"A MASTER OF CRIME."

Before Ball and Eltoft were placed in the dock earlier in the day, the handcart on which the murdered woman's body was conveyed to the canal was brought up the steps by two detectives to be inspected by the jury.

Mr. Lindon Riley then began his address to the jury on behalf of Eltoft.

He attached great importance to the sack, urging that it had been placed over the body as a

(Continued on column 4.)

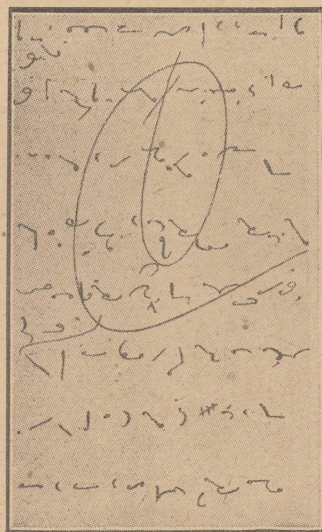


The handcart.

Mrs. Farquhar Mrs. Kennedy.

Mrs. Kennedy, Sumner's landlady, was penned in by a crowd outside the court, several men threatening her. She is seen with a friend, Mrs. Farquhar. The handcart was used to wheel Miss Bradfield's body to the canal.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

PRESIDENT'S SHORTHAND.



When President Wilson, of the United States, has a speech or a message to Congress to compose he first sets it down in shorthand and then typewrites it. The picture shows some of the notes which he made recently.

THE PRICE OF BOOTLE



Baron de Forest.



Lord Derby.

Baron de Forest has accepted the Earl of Derby's offer of his Bootle (Liverpool) estate for £1,500,000.

THE TOWER OF LONDON IN 1600.



Mr. John B. Thorp's model of the Tower of London as it appeared in 1600. It has been made to a scale of one-hundredth full size, and covers a space of 150 square feet.

Passionate Appeal for Sumner at Sack Murder Trial.

"NOT A FIEND."

Theory That Woman Was Slain by a Stranger.

(Continued from column 1.)

shroud to conceal its contour from the eyes of Eltoft.

Concluding his speech, Mr. Riley said there had perhaps at times appeared in his remarks an anxiety for the conviction of Ball for the benefit of Eltoft. It was not an anxiety which he had felt for a moment, for, apart from questions of truth and falsehood, he thought their cases were absolutely distinct.

"If in the slightest degree," he explained, "you have thought I have tried to save my client's neck at the expense of somebody else's I ask you to believe that nothing was further from my mind."

Very quietly Mr. Gordon Hewart then began his final address for the Crown. He began to analyse the evidence, and Ball sat erect, with his arms folded high on his chest, as the Crown counsel proceeded to comment on his evidence.

"We have seen Ball in the witness-box," said Mr. Hewart, "dealing with the question of the ship with a calmness that might have been the envy of any survivor giving evidence in a civil case."

"Ball is one of the calmest men in the court, and is it not evident that we are dealing with one who is no mere artificer in crime, but a master of the craft?"

"IT NEEDED A FIEND."

A passionate plea for the life of Ball was made by Mr. Tobin.

The evidence against Ball, he declared, was entirely circumstantial, and in the network that was cast around him there were rents through which he was entitled to pass.

Yehemently, and in marked contrast to the recent quiet-voiced speech for the prosecution, Mr. Tobin declared that the case for the Crown was amazing.

"Motive!" exclaimed Mr. Tobin. "Madmen at times commit murders without motives. You do not find men of sound mind committing murders without motives."

"Some foul fiend did this innocent woman to death; you may guess what you like, suspect what you like, but circumstantial evidence is not enough for you to say that this man shall suffer death."

Mr. Tobin proceeded to examine what he described as three possible motives—robbery, revenge or lust. He contended that none of them would meet the facts.

"It needed a fiend to do a deed like that," he said, dramatically, "and was Ball such a fiend?" He (counsel) asked the jury to say he was not.

The theory that Miss Bradfield was slain by the stranger was further advanced by Mr. Tobin.

"I agree," exclaimed counsel, "it is a strange story, but the annals of crime are full of strange stories."

"Strange as it is, the story is not more strange than that of the Crown—the murder of a kind mistress by two young men."

NEW SHIP FOR THE POLE

Sir Ernest Shackleton's Trip to Norway to Test Equipment.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the head of the Antarctic expedition, has practically decided to purchase a ship called the *Barra*, which has been specially constructed for ice work.

She is a vessel of 650 tons and is at present in Norway, where she was built by a syndicate interested in polar work. Under her new name *Endurance*, she will be employed on the Weddell Sea side of the Antarctic, under the command of Captain J. K. Davis, who is in charge of the Mawson expedition ship, *Aurora*, now on its return voyage to Australia.

It has been decided that the ship employed on the Ross Sea shall be officered and manned entirely by men of the Royal Navy, while the vessel on the Weddell Sea side will be manned entirely by the merchant service.

The staff chosen so far are:—

Sir Ernest Shackleton, head of the expedition.
Mr. Frank Wild, second in command and surgeon.
Mr. George Marston, artist and in charge of clothing and sledges.

Lieutenant A. E. Macintosh, probably leader of the Ross Sea depot party.

Mr. A. Chestnam, third officer on the Weddell Sea ship.
Captain Orde Lees, Royal Marine, head of the motor school at Deal, expert alpine climber and instructor in physical training, who has accepted pending the decision of the Admiralty.

Mr. Ernest Joyce, in charge of dogs on Ross Sea side, and Captain J. K. Davis, in command of the Weddell Sea ship.

At the end of March Sir Ernest Shackleton and Messrs. Wild and Marston will go to Finse, in the north of Norway, to test the sledge and tent equipment.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Unsettled, with some rain in the west; fair to cloudy and unsettled in the east; southerly to variable winds; less mild.

Lighting-up time: 5:55 p.m. High-water at London Bridge: 9:19 a.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS. Holborn Circus, City, 8 p.m. Barometer, 30.1; thermometer, 48°; wind, S.W. brisk breeze; weather, very fine, cool to mild.

Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough.

"ROUGH," "REFUF" AND "ROOTH."

Schoolboy's Spelling That Led to Caning and Libel Case.

FARTHING FOR TEACHER.

The story of a Croydon schoolboy's spelling of the word rough as "refuf" in school was told in Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday. In Court the boy, whose name is Corps, spelled "rooth." It was an action for libel brought by the schoolmaster, Arthur Horatio Nelson, against *John Bull* and its printers. The defence was justification.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, but it could not agree to the amount of damages. The Judge then assessed damages at £1., but a jurymen who at first said he did not agree with the verdict eventually said he would agree if the damages were made one farthing. The Judge entered judgment for a farthing, with costs. (Photographs on page 9.)

"BRISKING UP A BIT."

Mr. Nelson, said Mr. Dickens, K.C., his leading counsel, was summoned before the Croydon magistrates for assaulting the boy. It was decided that there was no assault.

The boy, said counsel, was "lazy, obstinate and sulky" on the occasion in question.

On May 30 last there was a spelling lesson at the Princess-road School, Croydon, where Corps, who is eleven years old, pursued his studies. The schoolmaster took as a subject for the lesson mistakes made by Corps in spelling at a previous lesson.

Mr. Nelson wrote on the blackboard "Rough." Corps wrote in his exercise book, "Refuf."

The case was, after further obstinacy, sent for it appeared from counsel's account—and Corps received a stroke on each hand.

Then it was considered that he was in need of "brisking up a bit," and he was sent for a run round the playground.

On his return he was still obstinate, so he was sent for another run.

STORY OF THE INCIDENT.

There appeared in *John Bull* an account of the incident, which said:—

On May 30, according to the boy's story, borne out by the testimony of his schoolmates, Nelson was conducting a spelling lesson, and the boy made a mistake with one word he was called upon to spell, and the teacher sent him round the playground.

He made another mistake, and received a similar flagellation, being afterwards ordered by the teacher to run twice round the playground.

When he returned he was again unable to spell the word, and another caning and one more run round the playground was his punishment.

This time two boys were sent out to watch him, and they took when him finished he was very exhausted and could barely speak.

The punishment was repeated when he mispelt a word on his return, and after this cruel his head commenced to ache.

Mr. Nelson, in the witness-box, gave details of the words. He said that when the class had to write words at dictation Corps spelt "rough" r-e-u-f-i.

At this point the Judge asked for the cane to be produced, so that Mr. Nelson could give an illustration of how hard he hit.

Mr. Champ, the usher, handed the witness a cane.

Mr. Nelson took the cane in his hand and gave himself a resounding smack on the left.

The witness then asked the Corps run round the playground.

Mr. E. Smith, who cross-examined, asked questions about cutting.

The witness leaned over the witness-box and administered some gentle smacks on his head and back.

"If I were to go like that to this gentleman's head," he said, "would you say I had struck him?"

Mr. Scudamore, called for the defence, said that he examined the lad on the day of the spelling lesson and found him in an exhausted state. There were two reddish marks on his shoulder.

The boy then described the lesson.

Mr. Ritter (for *John Bull*): What did you write?—Ref. The Judge: How do you spell "rough" now?—Rooth. (Laughter.)

The boy then wept. He said that whenever he returned from his run in the playground Mr. Nelson said to him, "How do you spell 'rough'?"

Mr. Dickens began his cross-examination with, "Don't be frightened of me; I am not a very terrible gentleman."

On the day you were caned you were lazy, weren't you?—Yes, sir.

And rather obstinate?—Yes, sir.

You did not mean to do your best to spell, did you?—Yes, sir. (Laughter.)

But you say you were lazy and obstinate?—Yes, sir.

The Judge: What does "obstinate" mean?—Lazy, sir.

What does "lazy" mean?—Unwell, unfit for work, sir.

Mr. Corps, the boy's mother, said that she carried him to the doctor's on her back.

ACTRESS-AUTHOR LOSES HER CASE

The action regarding the alleged infringement of the play, "A Beggar Bride," brought by Miss Rosemary Rees, actress and author, against Messrs. Walter and Frederick Melville, of the Lyceum Theatre, came to an end yesterday. Mr. Justice Warrington dismissing the plaintiff's case.

After Mrs. Melville and Mr. G. A. Redford, who, until 1912, was examiner of plays, had given evidence the Judge said he thought Mr. Melville had performed his own play, the materials for which were drawn from his own experience in the profession in which he had been engaged all his life, and from his own powers of invention, sharpened as they must have been by that experience.

A broken axle on a train leaving the Embankment Station on the Saturday at noon yesterday was responsible for an almost complete suspension of the service for several hours.

MOB STORM STAGE.

"General John Regan" Leads to Rioting in Ireland—Police Baton Charges.

An extraordinary riot occurred at Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland, on Wednesday night, when "General John Regan," Canon Hannan's play, was produced there.

The audience stormed the stage, actors were assaulted, and the sixteen policemen in the town had to make baton charges to quell the turbulent mob of 400.

The following message received in London yesterday from Miss Gertrude Le Sage, a member of Mr. Payne Seddon's company touring in Ireland, tells the story dramatically:—

Mob of 400 at Westport, Co. Mayo, attacked company playing Canon Hannan's "General John Regan"; hall and hotel damaged; ladies in peril; only sixteen constables in town; actor felled.

A message received by Mr. Payne Seddon from his manager, Mr. R. W. Mitchell, set as follows:—

Riot here last night. Stage stormed. Scenery smashed. Baton charge by police. Pre-arranged demonstration against the author.

Many of the audience rushed on to the stage and assaulted the players.

The hall was quickly cleared, but for some hours afterwards excited crowds paraded the streets, and stones were thrown through the windows of several houses in which the players were lodging and of a shop used as a booking office.

It was stated at the offices of Mr. Payne Seddon that none of the company was seriously hurt and that they were all able to appear yesterday at Sligo. Canon Hannan ("George A. Birmingham") was rector for twenty years of Westport, which is a seaport town at the head of Westport Bay. The play deals with the attempt of an American to waken up a sleepy Irish town by persuading the inhabitants that it was the birthplace of General John Regan, a fictitious personage.

He succeeds with the aid of Dr. O'Grady in making the town purchase a statue, and the latter tries to get the Lord-Lieutenant to unveil it.

In the last act the "bluff" is explained, but Dr. O'Grady gains the day by declaring that there must have been a General John Regan—"for there is his statue."

(Photographs on page 16.)

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Baron de Forest Accepts Lord Derby's Offer of Bootle Estate for £1,500,000.

The Earl of Derby's public offer to sell his Bootle property to Baron de Forest for £1,500,000 has been accepted.

It will be recalled that during a speech at Liverpool last Monday Lord Derby took exception to the estimate of the value of the estate which the Baron made in the Land Inquiry Committee's report. This estimate valued the property at between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000, a valuation which Lord Derby said was too high by some millions.

Then the offer was made—Baron de Forest could have the property for £1,500,000.

A letter sent yesterday by the Baron in acceptance of the offer includes the following passages:—

I see that, in the course of your speech at Liverpool last Monday, you took exception to my estimate in the Land Inquiry Committee's report of the profit which your family estate has derived from the purchase of land in Bootle by the tenth Lord Derby; and that, in support of your objection, you have publicly offered to sell me the property in question for £1,500,000.

The reference to Bootle (in the report) ran:—

The sum of the profits had amounted to £124 for about £7,000. The most conservative estimate of the annual income of the Derby estate from this property to-day may safely be put at not less than £100,000. The capital value cannot be put at less than between £2,000,000 and £4,000,000.

The estate has increased by some £2,000,000 to £4,000,000.

Your offer is equally clear. The only meaning which can be attached to it is that you are willing to sell me for £1,500,000 the property which I have over-estimated at £2,000,000 to £4,000,000. I accept your offer.

(Photographs on page 3.)

REVIVAL OF "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."



Miss Ethel Irving as Mrs. Parbury and Mr. Robert Loraine as Clement Parbury in Mr. C. Haddon Chamberlain's "The Tyranny of Tears," which has been revived at the Comedy Theatre.—(Daily Mirror) photograph.)

TAXICAB DRIVERS TO GO ON STRIKE.

Union Decide to Call Out 2,500 Men on Monday.

THE STORMY PETROL.

The latest strike which London is threatened is a strike of taxicabmen.

It is expected that 2,500 men will cease work on Monday.

There have been differences between the British Motor-Cab Company and their drivers, and these culminated in the London and Provincial Union of Licensed Vehicle Workers—the men's trade union—taking definite action.

The executive council of the union met yesterday under the chairmanship of the president, Mr. A. Smith, and decided that no cab should leave the four garages of the British Motor-Cab Company on Monday next. The garages are situate at:—

Brickton-road, Fern Lane, and Grosvenor-road, Chiswick.

The same afternoon all drivers in the employ of the company will attend a mass meeting at the Lambeth Baths to decide what action shall be taken.

Mr. A. Smith, in an interview yesterday, said:—

One of the principal grievances the men have is that since the British Motor-Cab Company took over the old General Motor-Cab Company there has been a dispute as to the quality of the petrol.

In the days of the old company cars used to run eighteen miles to the gallon; now, twelve miles and fourteen miles to the gallon is a common experience. Under the agreement which was made following the last taxicab strike the drivers are entitled to a rebate whenever their cars do not do the eighteen miles to the gallon. Trouble has occurred when the men have applied for this rebate. They have had to suffer loss of time and hindrances, and there has been general dissatisfaction.

Asked whether there was any likelihood of the dispute extending to a general strike of taxicab drivers in London, Mr. Smith said it was impossible to say what would happen after Monday.

MYSTERY OF £10,000.



Mr. Menzies Smart, an Anglo-Indian mining engineer, recently living at Lee, who has mysteriously disappeared. He came to this city a few days ago to draw a sum of £10,000, which he said was due to him under a judgment in the Law Courts respecting an African gold mine, and he has not been seen since.

ACCIDENT TO EXPRESS IN TUNNEL

While travelling at a speed of forty miles an hour near Watford yesterday an alarming mishap occurred to the 10 a.m. Scottish express from Euston.

The train was passing through Watford tunnel when the driving rod of the engine broke and was flung with terrific force on to the line, tearing up the permanent-way.

Fortunately the engine kept the metals, but the din and clatter of the tunnel, the thick smoke, the grinding of machinery and the sudden stoppage of the train in the middle of the tunnel all combined to alarm the passengers.

WAITER'S WARNING.

Wife in Divorce Case Denies Story of Endearing Terms.

A story of endearing terms shouted downstairs was told before Mr. Justice Horridge yesterday, when the hearing was continued of the action for divorce brought by Mr. C. E. G. Gordon, a wealthy man, formerly of Burgess Hill, Sussex, against his wife.

Mr. Arthur J. Luce, a young man of twenty, is cited as co-respondent, but Mrs. Gordon denies the allegations, and asks for restitution of conjugal rights.

Mrs. Hallett, chambermaid at the Hydro, Burgess Hill, where the misconduct is said to have taken place, had alleged that she saw the co-respondent come out of Mrs. Gordon's room, but she now admitted she was not sure of this. She said she heard Mrs. Gordon shout down from her floor to the co-respondent on the floor below.



MR. AND MRS. GORDON.

below, "Are you ready, dearie?" Mr. Luce called out to Mrs. Gordon, "Are you coming out, love?"

Mrs. Gordon, a slight woman with grey hair, gave evidence denying misconduct.

Mr. Luce, she said, never, as a witness had alleged, put his arm round her waist, nor did she put her arm round his waist, and he used no endearing terms. She remembered a waiter telling her she was being watched.

Cross-examined, Mrs. Gordon said she first met her husband at the Empire.

Counsel: Were you in the habit of having breakfast in bed?—Sometimes.

Mr. Luce was never in your bedroom?—Never.

Did you do up playing cards with him?—No.

The hearing was adjourned. (Photograph on page 9.)

WORST OFFENDERS GONE.

"Consummate Scoundrels" Still Left in South Africa, Says Gen. Smuts.

CAPETOWN, Feb. 5.—General Smuts resumed his speech on the Indemnity Bill in the Assembly to-day. He referred to the violent speeches made by the deported labour leaders in January, and said they were made with the deliberate intention of carrying out a policy of setting the mind of the mob on fire, and of exciting the mob to commit crimes.

He declared that the Trades Federation attempted to carry out serious military operations, organising small commandoes of dynamitards.

The evidence he had tendered, said the general, showed that the Government had to deal with a criminal conspiracy against society—Central News.

CAPETOWN, Feb. 5.—Proceeding, General Smuts said attempts had been made to fix the responsibility for the deportations on Lord Giststone and censure him for what had been done. The Government wished it to be clearly understood that the whole issue rested upon themselves alone.

Referring to the action for deportation, he mentioned that the police submitted a long list, but the Government selected only the worst offenders. They declared, said the general, that a great number of consummate scoundrels still remained, but he believed that the Government's drastic action in the case of the ten who had been deported would prevent others from attempting a repetition of the recent crisis.

General Smuts then formally introduced the second reading of the Indemnity Bill.—Reuter.

A motion by Mr. Crowell, says Reuter, to allow counsel for the deported leaders to be heard at the bar of the House of Assembly was passed without discussion.

GAVE HIS LIFE FOR A FILM.

NAIROBI, undated (delayed by breakdown of cable).—Full details are now available of the tragic death of Mr. Paul Schindler, a member of Mr. Paul Rainey's cinematograph expedition, who was mangled on January 21, while attempting to photograph a lion hunt and died at Nairobi six days later.

On the day of the accident a lion was found in a patch of bush. Mr. Schindler decided to go behind the bush and drive the lion towards the camera. The lion sprang out of sight, and then Schindler's horse burst into the open streaming with blood.

Mr. Rainey snatched up his rifle and shot the lion point blank. On going into the bush he found Schindler lying with grievous wounds in the abdomen, where the lion had bitten. Blood-poisoning set in, and was followed by a painless death.—Reuter's Special.

BY AIR ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

A flight across the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland will be attempted this summer by Lieutenant J. C. Porte, a distinguished aviator, who once belonged to the British naval submarine service.

His machine is being built by Mr. Glen Curtis, the American aviator, who has achieved great successes with his flying-boats, in which a boat replaces the floats of the ordinary waterplane.

The distance to be covered is about 1,800 miles, which could be traversed in a non-stop flight in less than thirty-two hours. Lieutenant Porte says the distance may be covered in twenty hours.



Prince Henry.

Work at Eton.

Some people are deploring the fact that Prince Henry has gone to Eton because they believe that there is little or no work done there. This is a delusion. It is generally thought that there is at least one "whole holiday" every week, but as a matter of fact there are only five or six such holidays during the half. And on these days there is early morning school, followed by ninety minutes' "pupil-room" (work done with classical tutor). There is also work to be prepared for the following day amounting to a further hour and a half or two hours. Prince Henry is finding that life at Eton is not all play.

Tango with a Chair.

A friend from Rome writes to me that it is quite false—so says Roman society—that the Pope ever had the tango danced, for him to condemn or approve. This friend adds (rather illogically) that, if it was danced at all, it was danced by a young Italian nobleman, holding for partner a chair! You can never tell how much truth there is in these rumours; but this one originated with M. Jean Carrière, the Roman correspondent of the *Temps*. And he is usually a good authority.

Buoy Barriers.

Who are the King's Counsel who are doing remarkably well just now? Mr. McCall is getting any amount of large and important cases. He is becoming quite the fashion. Mr. Marshall Hall's services are sought after more than ever before in the Divorce Court. Mr. Duke has as much work as he can deal with, and among the juniors Mr. Macardie has even more.

"Yon's the Match Player."

Scotsmen don't get enthusiastic about many things, but they do sometimes about golf. "Yon's the match player" (golf understood), said a Scotsman excitedly the other day, pointing to a good-looking man of about fifty-five. "If he was to have a glass (of whisky) for every match he's lost, he'd be a measurable teetotaler in a week. But if he had a glass for every match he's won, he'd be sober for twenty years."

The Rising of a "Star."

The great problem that is occupying the mind of the theatregoer at present is whether Miss Isobel Elsom, the young actress promoted from the chorus, will make a success of her leading lady part in the new Gaiety piece to-morrow night.

A new musical comedy "star" is badly wanted by managers just now, and naturally, if the public likes Miss Elsom,



Miss Isobel Elsom.

it will mean fame and fortune for her in a night. But there is much "green-eyed" gossip among her former colleagues, many of whom feel they could have played the leading part a great deal better themselves.

INNOCENT MAN ACCUSED.

Complete Apology to Lieutenant Who Was Wrongly Identified.

A remarkable mistake as to identity was corrected at the Westminster Police Court yesterday. With an unreserved apology, the prosecution withdrew the charge brought against Lieutenant Gerald Atkinson, Somersetshire Light Infantry, of Mansions-place, Queen's Gate, of unlawfully obtaining a gold cigarette-case, worth 400 lbs., from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria-street, S.W. Mr. Hutchinson (for the Stores) explained that at the previous hearing an assistant stated that Lieutenant Atkinson, on January 29, selected a gold cigarette-case, and requested that it should be sent to an address in Warwick-street, South Belgravia, giving the name of Bates. A packer at the Stores declared that he took the case there and gave it to Lieutenant Atkinson.

As a matter of fact, Lieutenant Atkinson was not in London at the time, but at Swindon, and the evidence for this was incontrovertible. This being so, they offered their sincere apologies to Lieutenant Atkinson, who must be extraordinarily like the man who obtained the cigarette-case. Mr. Conway, for the defence, said Lieutenant Atkinson stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Buxton, at Torkington Manor, Wiltshire, from January 27 till January 31. On January 29 he motored to Swindon and back.

A serious blunder has been made, and you leave the court without the smallest stain on your character, said the magistrate in discharging the Lieutenant.

The Comedy of a Cartoon.

What I will call the "Comedy of a Haselden Cartoon" has just ended after a run of over a year. It began as long ago as November, 1912, with the publication of a cartoon about amateur actors by Mr. Haselden. Shortly afterwards the action began. Mr. Haselden had imagined a number of amateur players who, on the strength of a real or fancied resemblance to certain stage favourites, insisted on playing their parts. One of these imaginary amateurs he named Mr. George Saunders, of "the Kensington Strollers"—you will see the picture in the centre of this page. Now the plot thickens.

Enter the Hero.

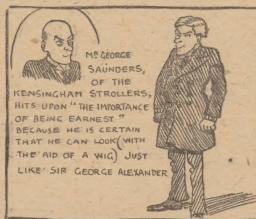
There lived in London a real Mr. George Saunders, a house-furnisher's sub-manager, and an amateur actor. He saw the unhappy cartoon, and became irritated. Worse, he wrote indignantly, saying that the cartoonist was making fun of him. "I am not inclined to meekly submit to the jeers and ridicule of my acquaintance," he said. An apology for any injury that might inadvertently have been done to his feelings was promptly offered, but Mr. Saunders was not to be calmed. A "tenner," he wrote, might strengthen the apology and be "an additional balm to my feelings." But, as the "tenner" was not forthcoming, the cue was given, and—enter the solicitor with writ.

What the Solicitor Said.

Write the solicitor: "There could not be any doubt but that the photo is an excellent likeness of my client, and, notwithstanding what your artist may say, there cannot be any doubt but that he had my client in his mind when he drew the cartoon with accompanying comments." In December, 1912, the writ entered, saying that "Defendants meant the plaintiff was an incompetent and inferior theatrical amateur performer . . . that he thought by some natural resemblance to a well-known actor, viz., Sir George Alexander, he was able, by the aid of a wig, successfully impersonate and play a well-known part in which the famous actor had achieved great success, etc., etc." Things were working up to a climax, until Defence entered.

Defence Speaks.

In its lines it said: "If the said caricature or cartoon and words comprised of by the plaintiff were published of and concerning the plaintiff (which is denied) the said caricature or cartoon and words were published in jest, and were and are so understood by all reasonable persons." And after that the action somehow flagged until the curtain fell upon the plaintiff instructing the solicitor to discontinue. And so ended this sad little comedy, except that *The Daily Mirror* is now trying to get its costs.



The caricature of an imaginary amateur actor, by Mr. Haselden, which caused "The Comedy of a Cartoon."

Mr. Haddon Chambers.

It is to be regretted that the correspondent who supplied the paragraph about Mr. Haddon Chambers which appeared on Tuesday did not pause to verify his facts. In the first place, the paragraph suggested that Mr. Haddon Chambers had rather lapsed into indolence. Yet two years ago he produced "Passers By," and two years before that "Sir Anthony." He has just returned now from America, where he has produced his latest play, "Tante." A man of restless activity, he is one of many interests and fully lives every hour of his life.

A Busy Dramatist.

The further suggestion that Mr. Haddon Chambers had been influenced by other dramatists is also untrue. The "Tyranny of Tears" founded a school itself, and the same has been said of his first play, "Captain Swift." It has always been his ambition to break fresh ground with each new play, and this ambition has been realised. As regards the statement that Mr. Haddon Chambers is a Catholic, it may be pointed out that, while he has a deep respect for all religious beliefs, he has never been attached to any sect or Church.

Mr. Haddon Chambers loves working in the open air. The whole of his play, "Sir Anthony," was dictated to a friend in Hyde Park.

The Lord of the Whigs.

Lord Glenconner, who is to move the Address in reply to the King's Speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday, is perhaps the only Liberal peer who prefers to describe himself by the old-fashioned appellation of "Whig." Before his elevation to the Upper House he sat as Liberal M.P. for Salisbury, but was defeated in January, 1910. He has been, in his time, a patron of letters.

His Wife Looks After Him.

Mr. Frank Harris finds his surroundings in Brixton Prison so uncongenial to his temperament that he has been removed to the hospital there, so that any new literary ideas he has will probably have to stand over for the present. He is fairly cheerful, however. Mrs. Harris in person is looking after the commissariat department, and she arrives outside the gates in a taxi laden with appetising-looking dishes.

A Hint to the Prince.

I hear that one of the Labour members has prepared a nice little oration on the duties of Princes, which he is going to try to drag into some speech when the Prince of Wales is attending the debates of the House of Commons during the forthcoming session.

The Lord Chief Walks.

Lord Reading has taken to walking as an exercise. As Lord Chief Justice, he complains that the many hours he has to spend seated on the bench cause a feeling of cramp.

The Candid Review.

Mr. "Tommy" Bowles's new "Candid Review"—is light green the colour of "candour?"—is a solid-looking production as big as a fat book. It looks as though it were going to put in its places all who don't know as much as Mr. Bowles, and he knows a great deal about journalism and ships at sea.

It Might Have Been Worse.

There is a melancholy man of my acquaintance who always remarks, whatever you tell him, "It might have been worse." On one occasion a friend of his, bearing sad news, was cheered by the fact that he could not repeat his monotonous remark. "Have you heard about poor J?" he said. "The roof fell in on his bungalow yesterday and killed him and his wife and the poor little baby." "It might have been worse," was the reply. "How could it have been worse, you idiot? I tell you they are all dead." "It might have been worse," said the morose one, "I was dining there on Tuesday myself."

Profiting by Experience.

Little Johnny had been naughty. At last he slapped his small sister. When father came home, mother told him of his son's misdeeds. "The next time you tease your sister, you go to bed without your dinner," father said sternly. The boy sat in silence for a few moments. Then he turned to his father. "The next time I want to hit sister, I'll wait until after dinner," he remarked.

Loud Stockings.

This is a season of checks and tartans in bright green and white, brown and white and red and white checks, as well as the familiar black and white. Coats, costumes and gowns are seen in checks, and whole dresses in tartan silks. Stockings for women in large black and white checks have become so popular that one large West End shop had to confess itself "sold out."

Settled.

A very important theatrical law action is likely to go by consent in the near future.

Mr. Haselden's Hobbies.

Mr. W. K. Haselden, whose cartoon was the subject of the comedy referred to on this page to-day, has developed a passion for clay modelling as a hobby. He spends hours making curious, comic, little figures in clay for his own and his friends' amusement. His other hobbies are golf, which he takes with the true gravity of the humorist, and fancy-dress balls, most of which he attends, though here again his demeanour is of the most solemn nature. But though Mr. Haselden may appear a very serious person to the world, the world to him appears—we may judge from his drawings—a superb jest.

THE RAMBLER.



Mr. W. K. Haselden.

A SUDDEN SPRING.

Warmest February Days in London for 52 Years—77 in the Sun.

Seventy-seven in the sun! This was the wonderful temperature which was reached yesterday at three o'clock of a February afternoon, when, by all that is seasonable and correct, it should have been bitterly cold with frost and ice.

The first few days of February have established a record, being the warmest period at the corresponding time of year since 1862.

Yesterday was just one whole day of glorious, wonderful sunshine in city and field alike.

The actual temperatures, as recorded by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, were remarkable:—

	Sun. Shade.	45	2 p.m. Sun. Shade.	75	55
9 a.m.	55	45	2 p.m.	75	55
12 noon	75	55	3 p.m.	77	55

A COMEDY OF TEARS.

Revivals are in vogue in the theatre world just now, and it was a happy idea of Mr. Arthur Chudleigh's to reproduce at the Comedy Theatre last night "The Tyranny of Tears," a comedy by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, which was first presented fourteen years ago at the Criterion.

The play, which Mrs. Parbury, her long-suffering husband were artistically acted by Miss Ethel Irwin and Mr. Robert Loddin. The part of the "intervening" typist secretary, Miss Hyacinth Woodward, was beautifully played by Miss Evelyn D'Arioy.

THE STRANGER'S PASSING

Being the True Tale of the Magic Banquet for Fifty London Sandwichmen.

The story of the stranger and the fifty London sandwichmen is like a leaf from the "Arabian Nights"—tall, but this is the sober truth of it in five acts.

ACT I.
Scene—London's principal streets in the afternoon. Sandwichmen shuffling along in the old, old way, some life as a dull, grey, hopeless sort of thing.

ACT II.
Scene—Enter the Stranger. He is so like other men that if the sandwichmen notice him at all it is only as one of the million who, passing by, only give their boards a fleeting glance.

ACT III.
Scene—A Voice! The voice of the Stranger breaks in on the meditations of a sandwichman. It says, "I want you to attend a dinner to-night, together with the brightest shilling you ever saw, are the gifts for the guests."

ACT IV.
Scene—A restaurant banquet, but no host. Fifty sandwichmen on roast beef and vegetables, bread and cheese, delicious puddings, and tea or coffee. A silver-mounted bird pipe, an ounce of smoking mixture, an ounce of the finest tobacco, together with the brightest shilling you ever saw, are the gifts for the guests.

ACT V.
Discovery of the unknown host by *The Daily Mirror*. He was Mr. Frederick Wick, head of a wholesale firm in Great London-street.

Mr. J. C. Jones, Mr. Wick's manager, explained to *The Daily Mirror* that Mr. Wick, a naturalised German, who is away in Nice on holiday, wrote a letter asking him to invite fifty sandwichmen to a dinner. This he did as a mark of gratitude for his fifty years of happy and prosperous life in England.

HIS LIFE FOR A JOB.

Man Who Is Willing to Dispose of Himself for a Lump Sum.

To Shirt Manufacturers and others—Cutter and factory manager and brilliant salesman, consulted by those who know very clever, conscientious worker, open to go to any civilised part of globe for salary, or would sell his life services for a sum down. Apply—

His life for a job—that is the latest form of advertisement, the above striking appeal appearing in the current number of *Men's Wear*.

We cannot, of course, disclose the advertiser's "one of the staff of *Men's Wear* told *The Daily Mirror*," but it is a genuine offer, and the man is quite willing to sell his life services to any firm for a reasonable sum.

"He has already had some offers from different business men, but I do not know if he has agreed to their terms."

"There is never a very big demand for shirt cutters, as, of course, the great majority of shirts are machine-made."

PEER AS GOOD SAMARITAN.

As Lord Hampton was motoring in the direction of Hitchin last night he came upon a man lying across the roadway near Bushey Farm. Lord Hampton went to his assistance, and found that he was unconscious, being injured about the head. He lifted him into his motor-car and took him to St. Albans Hospital.

From papers found upon the man it is thought that his name is Miller and that he is a native of Devonshire.



Velma

REG.

is all chocolate,
true chocolate, as
true as it is fine,
as fine as it is
true, the greatest
achievement in
chocolate yet.

In the red packet
with the gold corner

SUCHARD Sole Maker



Milka

REG.

is the Queen of
Milk chocolates;
note its delicious
creaminess, mark
the full chocolate
flavour, then its
exquisite taste and
velvety smoothness.

In the mauve packet
with the gold corner

SUCHARD Sole Maker

See the gold corner on the
chocolate packet you buy.
It is there to guard you
against substitution.



The Grate that reflects

the character and comfort
of a home is the well-
polished grate. It adds to
the cheeriness of the fire
and the attractiveness of
the kitchen.

But—and it's a big

"but"



the

Polish must be

ZEBRA GRATE POLISH

Zebra gives that intense jet
black shine you so much desire,
and what more cheery than a
bright fire in a brilliant black
grate? Zebra gives a quick
shine—a clean shine—and an
intensely black shine.

Ask your Draper for

The Lynat

THE NEW ADJUSTABLE HAT LINING,
which entirely supersedes bandeaux.

Black $6\frac{3}{4}$ " or White.

One size only. Fits any hat and any style of
hairdressing.

LIGHT, COOL, COMFORTABLE

No Resistance to Hat Pins.

Easily fixed with four stitches.

No ELASTIC to Drag the Hair.

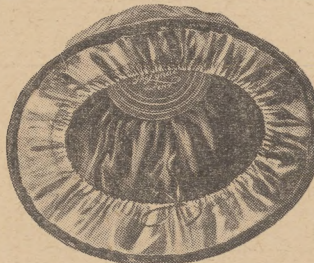
Fewer Hat Pins Required. A Handsome Finish to any Hat.

A deep fitting is required with some of the latest fashions, which it is impossible to get with the hard bandeaux now in vogue. With "THE LYNAT" two separate adjustments are provided. The outer wire slides to fit the hat, and by means of the inner draw-braid the soft lining can be loosened to fit the head. If it is desired to wear the hat at an angle simply press the lining gently to one side where it will remain there, allowing the hat to sit naturally and comfortably at the desired angle.

Each one bears the name "THE LYNAT." All good things have imitations. Do not be put off with a substitute. Be sure you get "THE LYNAT." Most drapers sell it, but if any difficulty is found write to—

LYNAT, LTD., OLD JEWRY CHAMBERS, LONDON, E.C.,

For the name of the nearest draper stocking same.



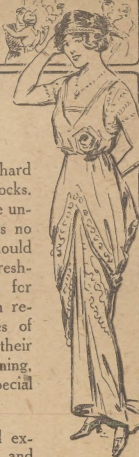
About Your Dance Frock.

The ball-room is hard
upon your dainty frocks.
Accidental stains are un-
avoidable, but that is no
reason why they should
mar the beauty and fresh-
ness of your gown, for
Pullars of Perth can re-
move those evidences of
stain or wear by their
reliable Dry-Cleaning,
Dry-Dyeing and special
tinting processes.

Pullars' unequalled ex-
perience in Dyeing and
Cleaning, and their unique
facilities for high-class
workmanship, fit them to
undertake the most delicate work.

You can send your dance frocks,
dainty laces, &c., to Pullars' Local
Agent. The Agent will give you all
information regarding cost, or a post-
card addressed to Pullars, Perth, will
bring you booklet B, "The Dyer's
Art," with full details.

PULLARS
Cleaners & Dyers
PERTH



Vigoral Cubes

Beef Tea at
its best

Add one cube
to a cupful of
boiling water
and it's ready
to serve.

For the old or young,
sick or well. Good
any time.

Sold by Chemists and
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ARMOUR & COMPANY
LIMITED LONDON



Just a
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MENTHOLATUM

On my lips—Chaps gone

Invaluable for chapped lips, chilblains,
sore throat and any inflammation. Free
sample on request. 1/1½ and 2/3 a jar.

THE MENTHOLATUM CO. R. DARNEY & CO. AGTS.
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1914.

ILLUSION LOST.

WE had the amusing experience the other day of taking a child for the first time into a Court of Law—not, we are glad to say, for any legal purpose, as infantile witness or the like, nor for a purpose tiresomely educational, but merely because, as we walked together in the sunny street, the child said suddenly: "I would like to see a real Judge with his wig on."

We went up the twisted staircase that leads to the tortuous Law, and emerged upon a case that apparently concerned lamps and "mantles" and oil cans. It was abstruse; purely technical. However, there was a real Judge with his wig on, taking notes.

After a certain legal drone had gone on for some time the Judge looked up and said: "Aren't you reading the wrong letter, Mr. X.?"

Counsel paused, dived down to a junior, extracted a document, was prompted by a solicitor, and droned on again.

"What is he saying?" said the child in a husky whisper. "Nothing," we replied, truthfully. The droning went on.

Counsel sat down, there was a shuffling and the summing-up began. It was deliberate, but to us inaudible. It was long. A child's patience is soon gone. We feared this child would break out into remarks and be legally suppressed. Already the usher's eye was upon us. Soon the remark came:

"How long (said the child) is he going on like that?"

"Perhaps a long while yet."
"Will he take his wig off?"
"Certainly not. What do you mean?"
"Then I vote we don't stay."

We escaped on tiptoe; not without again attracting the notice of the usher. Also, two jurymen looked up at us. They no doubt wanted an excuse.

We tried another case. There, an altercation was going on between the Judge and Counsel on the subject of the relevance of a certain observation.

Neither seemed to know what the other had said, or, at least, meant to say, and each was explaining, with cold formality, that he had not said what the other had said he had said, or implied that he had meant to say in saying it. "This is worse than the other," said the child, "we will go."

He named an adjacent shop as the bourn of our wanderings, and as we reached the street that was still gleaming with new sun, we asked the question: "What do you think of the Law, Jacky?"

"Those people don't know their business," he said, and his face revealed disgust.

He was at an age when we first begin to part with that dogma, for long so carefully impressed upon the young—dogma of the competence of grown-ups. Slowly he will lose that illusion, and bitter will be the loss of it; until he, too, grown-up, shall teach his now unborn infants that grown-ups "know better" than little boys. W. M.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Bouverie-street, E.C.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

You who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a nobler as you who boast of your pedigree, or of your proud wealth.—Thackeray.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE FRESH AIR "FAD."

MIGHT I point out to "Four Readers" that no person can breathe more than a certain amount of air at a time, and it is not in the least necessary for all the windows of railway carriages to be flung down to secure a sufficient supply?

It would be a blessing if the fresh air faddists would charter an open railway truck to go to and from business daily. They would then get all the air there is and would not be missed by other passengers.

ANTI-FADDIST.

"FOUR Readers" take a most selfish view. In their desire to breathe fresh air themselves these ladies forget that their fellow-passengers are entitled to chivalrous consideration.

Imagine the effect of a mouthful of neat, pure air upon the systems of young men who have accustomed themselves to the more complex atmosphere of the city.

RESULT OF THE CANE.

YOUR correspondence on the punishment of boys reminds me of a letter I received a few weeks ago from my younger brother. We are orphans, and an uncle has kindly undertaken to keep him and pay all expenses for his education and training.

Whilst he is very well treated, my uncle is a strict disciplinarian, and also believes in early to bed. My brother, who is turned sixteen, complains that if late for breakfast or if he reaches home after 9.30 p.m., he has to take four to six hard strokes on the hands with the cane—brutality or withdrawal of the hand involves additional strokes across the calves (he wears knickers).

At home, he was seldom up in good time in the morning, but now he says he is rarely punished twice in a week, so that the effect must be good, but he seems to fear very much that his friends may get to know of his canings and chaff him, as he says

WHEN THE WEST END CLUB BECOMES ALSO A PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT...

GENERAL GRUMPINGTON RETURNS TO HIS CLUB AFTER A LONG ABSENCE ABROAD THE SMOKING ROOM.



THE READING ROOM.



THE CARD ROOM.



THE DINING ROOM.



A well-known West End club has started a series of entertainments for the better amusement of its members. This is enterprising, but might conceivably have an effect far from pleasing upon the old-fashioned type of clubman who, in darker ages, believed in peace, port, and slumber in quiet arm-chairs.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

sphere of the cinema and the billiard saloon! They would be exposed to the risk of the bright eye, the ruddy face and the healthy appetite!

Again, if railway carriage windows are to be opened on any flimsy pretence, what is to prevent stray smuts alighting to mar the linen of other travellers? This last is an outrage to which I am confident immaculate method will not tamely submit. D. B.

Brighton Cruising Club, Brighton.

"THE DAILY MIRROR" OVERSEAS.

I THOUGHT it might interest you to know that for nearly three years I have received six *Daily Mirrors* each week without intermission, sent me by my sister in London.

I must say that wherever I have been, when I have received them, they were always read by myself and friends with much interest, and I have many times heard people say, "It is a pity there is no paper as interesting as the London *Daily Mirror* published out here."

W. F. (An Englishman).

Pleasant-street, Pasadena, Cal., U.S.A.
[An overseas edition of *The Daily Mirror* is now published every Thursday for transmission to the Colonies or to other parts of the world. This contains a week's *Daily Mirrors*, neatly bound together with an illustrated cover, and costs fourpence or ten cents. Postage to Canada is only 1d.; elsewhere 3d.—Ed. D.M.]

no other youth of his age ever had to submit to this.

I doubt the last statement, and have recommended him to avoid the cane by getting up. G. L.

AN INVITATION.

Radant Sister of the Day
Awake! arise and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dim,
Round stands that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea;
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy that that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue moon is over us,
And the multitudes
Billows a murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal Sun. —P. B. SHELLEY.

OUR READERS' OPINIONS.

Is Emigration a Solution of the Problem of Overcrowding?

I HEARTILY agree with "H. M. E." that, for people who in the "greenhorn" stage take a homestead (160 acres free), lay out their capital in implements, and then see nothing ahead at the end of two years, emigration to Canada is a decidedly unwise step, except, perhaps, that such an experience would be a good lesson to the impatient.

Surely a man should spend some time getting to "know the ropes" before he starts putting money into a farm for himself. He can always go and earn good money on a Western Canadian farm, which is a good deal more than can be said for the farmer's man in England.

I lived in Western Canada for nearly five years, and in all that time never once came across a man who was out of work because of the lack of it. I have seen numerous unemployed, they were also unemployable.

I cannot help thinking it is from such as these that the unfavourable reports of Canada that we hear come across the water, to be readily heard and circulated by the pessimistic.

In December of 1900 I was living in Saskatchewan, in a town of, then, some 20,000 inhabitants. I had a Christmas cake which I wanted to give away, so I went to the parson of the poorest parish and asked him if he could tell me of a poor family to whom he could give the cake. He could not, he had no people in want.

Is not that a criterion of the then conditions of the Middle West?

I should like someone to tell me of a town in England where there is no want.

It is true that there is a considerable trade depression in Canada at present, and I would advise, if I may, those contemplating emigration to Canada, not to take the step just at present. However, under such circumstances as those existing in Canada to-day such a depression can only be of a temporary nature, and very soon the time will come when a man who really wants to work may sail for Canada, and a good living without the slightest trepidation.

BEEN AND SEEN.
Albert-terrace, Middlesbrough.

SURELY it stands to reason that if the Colonies are now an open labour market it does not follow that they always will be so.

Sooner or later, as it seems to me, the time will come when they, like the old world, will be "full up."

What will our increase, and multiply people say then?

MUCH TRAVELLED.
Bryanston-street.

I HAVE a brother in Toronto City, and he tells me no new shirkers emigrating to Canada.

They are too keen out there, and the best workmen are required, as the Canadians are too busy gathering in the dollars to show others their mistakes.

This is part of one letter sent to me: "Trade is nearly at a standstill. For every vacant place there are hundreds of idle men to fill it. Out West it is worse. In Winnipeg 17,000 are idle. Soup kitchens were opened in the summer in Vancouver, and the outlook for winter is very severe."

It would be worth while for those who intend emigrating this spring to study these conditions before parting with their money to representatives of railway and steamship lines.

But one has to bear in mind that although money is more "loose" than at home, everything is also dearer. F. S.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 5.—The hardy cyclamens are delightful flowers for the garden. They bloom in the autumn and spring. They should be planted in sheltered and shady positions, such as against a north wall under some old tree, on the cool side of a rock, or among ferns. The soil for them must be well drained and be mixed with plenty of mortar rubble and leaf-mould.

To-day the beautiful deep rose flowers, of course, are out, and soon veronica (crimson blossoms and silver-marbled foliage) will be greeted. Neapolitanum (the ivy-leaved cyclamen) is another precious sort. —E. F. T.

Success of Chicago's Girl Bootblacks



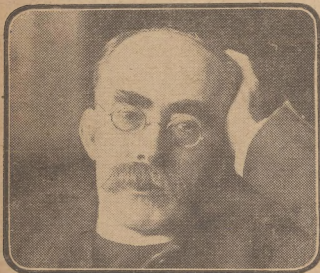
Chicago now possesses three girl bootblacks, who are doing a roaring trade, and a queue of young men can always be seen waiting their turn. Two of them are Americans, while the third is a French girl.

LORD CLARENDON AND PUBLIC HOUSE LICENCE.



The Earl of Clarendon, the Lord-Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, giving evidence at St. Albans yesterday in support of an application for a licence under the Public House Trust (Home Counties).

BISHOPS APPOINTED TO NEW DIOCESES.



Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield.



Right Rev. L. H. Burrows.

The Right Rev. Leonard Hedley Burrows, Bishop Suffragan of Lewes, has been appointed Bishop of Sheffield and the Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield, vicar of St. James-the-Less, Bethnal Green, Bishop of Chelmsford.—(Daily Mirror and Haines.)

MELODRAMA OF MANY THRILLS



"Give me those proofs."

"This frail body"

A villain who will stick at nothing to gain his ends, a villain who is as wicked as ever he can be, appears in "Mary Latimer, Nun," which is now being performed at the Elephant and Castle Theatre. The piece is adapted from a series of stories of the same name by Eva

EX-TRAMP'S STATUE.



The statue of John Jay McDevitt, which he has presented to the United States. He was formerly a tramp and two years ago was a millionaire for a day.

GIRL FIREMAN ACTRESS



At "wet drill."

A thrill

Midgie Dolphin, who is familiar to all cinema-rehearsing some of her daring feats at Merry dealing with the capture of a co

THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.



...en me and fortune."

"Judgment is not for us, but for God."

Elmes, which are appearing in "The Heartsease Library," and, strung together, they make a melodrama with enough thrills to suit the most ardent devotee of this form of entertainment.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

ILLING CRANE SCENE.



About to jump into a sheet.

...atre audiences, is seen in two of the pictures ...cks at Greenwich. She has to be constantly ...ws an exciting incident in a detective play, ...y the Daring Films Company.

BOY CO-RESPONDENT,



Mr. Arthur J. Luce, the co-respondent in the Gordon divorce suit, entering the Law Courts yesterday. He is only twenty years of age.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

Boy's Quaint Spelling in Libel Action



Edward Corps.

Mr. A. Nelson.



Croydon schoolboys, who were much interested in the case, outside the court.

A boy named Corps spelt rough "rooth" in the Law Courts yesterday while giving evidence in an action for libel brought by Mr. Arthur Horatio Nelson, a Croydon schoolmaster, against *John Bull*. Plaintiff was awarded a farthing damages.

MORE ABSURD HATS FOR WOMEN.



Hat with baby doll.



Hat with toy dog.

Two more ridiculous hats which, an expert says, will become fashionable. It is to be hoped that he is a false prophet, though there are no lengths to which women will not go just at present.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

MOTHERS WHO TELL THEIR GIRLS.

Home First, but School If Parents Shirk Their Duty, Say Our Correspondents.

REAL AND MOCK MODESTY

Will anything definite come of the controversy which has been aroused through the teaching of sex hygiene to girls by Miss Outram in the council school at Dronfield, Derbyshire?

Whatever Dronfield may do, public opinion has been stirred in England on this subject as never before. It is reflected in the very large number of letters received by every post by *The Daily Mirror*. The majority are still strongly in favour of girls being told.

NATURE STUDY SHOWS THE WAY.

Will you allow me as an official of a society which takes some interest in sex instruction to express my personal views on the matter? The situation looks like this to me:

Children will get to know about sex matters; we cannot prevent them, but we can tell them in the right way. Many, and perhaps most, parents cannot and will not instruct their children. They do not know enough or cannot express things properly.

Teachers are the next best people to parents—that is, experienced teachers, with moral influence over their pupils. They should speak where the parents cannot. But the conduct of parents is essential if anything useful is to be done.

Therefore, the proper thing is for the education authorities to take the matter in hand, instruct the parents, and gain their goodwill for the teachers.

Private talks with the individual child are probably better than class-teaching at present. But nature study can prepare the way.

ALEXANDER PARQUHARSON, Secretary, Moral Education League.

6, York-buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.

WHAT "RESCUE WORK" TEACHES.

All honour to Miss Outram, who, when the parents failed to do their duty by their children, took up the responsibility and warned the girls of the dangers which lie ahead.

I have been four years in rescue work, and could tell these mock modest and prudish parents a few truths which would open their eyes. From experience I found that out of ten girls who had "fallen" eight of them had done so through ignorance of their bodies, of every mother or guardian ought to have informed them.

I am the proud mother of two dear lads with healthy minds in healthy bodies. We have answered their questions carefully, and have always instilled into their minds St. Paul's advice, "Keep thyself pure."

S. D. C.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

The ratepayers pay teachers to educate their children, not to teach them sex hygiene. These matters ought to be left to the care of parents or guardians to whom the children belong.

No two children are the same in mind, and surely a mother, who watches every word of each of her children, is best fitted to know the right time and way to impart knowledge to them.

W. M. M., Stoke Newington.

PARENTS WRONG TO SHIRK.

May I, as a teacher of some experience in a dual school, state that, as a matter of training, the vitally important subject of sex hygiene should certainly not be omitted.

I consider, however, that jealous choice of time, place and circumstance should be made; to treat of the matter to a class "en masse" is distinctly a mistake.

The matter requires the delicate attention and tact which can only be anticipated by the natural God-given guardians—the parents. These are they who are most often to be blamed. Should they shirk, a careful, kind and tried friend or teacher might undertake the responsibility, but only the sanctity of the home. Such sacred things should not be openly discussed in public places.

H. BUDGETT (Principal), Cellist School, Ringwood.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

I am the mother of two daughters. I did not intend to say anything about the matter of sex hygiene to them until they had reached the age of fifteen. Before this, however, I learnt that the eldest was already in full possession of the facts, which she had gathered from most undesirable sources.

This brought me to the conclusion that it would be far better to tell the youngest whilst she is in the years of innocence. The result of doing this has fully justified my action and has convinced me that all girls should be told either by their parents or teachers.

W. E. D.

IS IT FAIR TO CHILDREN?

Every child is curious as to the origin of life, and when the question is asked of the parent the child is generally left off with some vague answer. The parent, not knowing it cannot get the information from his own parents, reads from other sources, which are very often, are anything but the right ones. The child will know these things, and the veil which hides this knowledge from them must be carefully torn aside.

As a worker amongst children, I have some experience on this matter, and have found that this knowledge, given properly and tactfully, rarely has an injurious effect upon them.

AN ADMIRER.

All honour to Miss Outram, who is truly modest enough to endeavour to crush the fetish of "mock modesty."

W. E. D.

THE BEST COUGH SYRUP IS EASILY MADE AT HOME

Costs Little and Acts Quickly. Money Refunded If It Fails.

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup, and saves about 10s. as compared with ordinary cough remedies. It stops obstinate colds and coughs—even whooping cough—quickly, and is splendid for influenza, croup, hoarseness, etc.

Mix one and a half breakfast cups of granulated sugar with one breakfast cup of hot water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ oz. of Pinex (costing about 2s. 6d.) in a bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. Take two teaspoonful every two hours. This takes right off a cough and gives almost instant relief. Tastes good and never spoils. Children like it.

Pinex, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable form of genuine Norway Pine extract, rich in guaiacol. Thousands of housewives now use this Pinex and sugar syrup recipe. This plan is often imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equalled. Its low cost and quick results have made it immensely popular.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your chemist has Pinex, or can easily get it for you. (—Advt.)

WAISTCOAT PLAYS IMPORTANT PART.

Coming Vogue of Sleeveless Models Worn Over Linen Blouses.

My sketch this week is of a fascinating bolero costume specially created for the Riviera season. In this model you will find several of the newest dress ideas—for example, the ultra-bolero bolero which falls in straight lines at the sides, under the arms, and which opens over a smart waistcoat composed of striped taffetas. Several weeks ago I spoke of the popularity of important-looking waistcoats, and I then indicated that these little garments are going to play a leading rôle.

The sketch shown in my sketch is one of the new sleeveless models which are worn over linen blouses, and which look quite smart and "correct" when seen without a coat. The model I have chosen this week was made of dull satin in a dark shade of sapphire blue, and the waistcoat was in black and white striped taffetas. There was a belt of white suede which circled the waist without confining it.

The skirt shown on this figure is one of the latest designs. Heavy folds of supple material give a pannier effect at the sides, but the hem of the dress appears tight and clinging.

In navy blue taffetas, with a waistcoat of embroidered linen, this model would be specially attractive; or it might be in black charmeuse with a waistcoat in lemon-yellow taffetas and a blouse made of fine spotted muslin. These loose bolero coats are becoming more and more fashionable.

Some of the models show long tight sleeves, as indicated in my sketch. Others have elbow sleeves of the modified leg of mutton order, and are accompanied by very long gloves.

SOME NEW SASHES.

I have seen charming sashes, for wearing with serge and cloth dresses, made of taffetas in two contrasting shades—dark blue lined with cherry red or dull purple lined with vieux rose. They are made of piece taffetas, in the full width of the material, and the ends are pointed and finished off with handsome tassels.

A sash of that kind would make a simple pleated skirt and bolero, in navy serge, look exceedingly attractive, and endless changes could be arranged at comparatively small cost.

Another effective sash for outdoor costumes is that made of wide moire ribbon with fringed and embroidered ends, the embroideries being worked in fine wool with a touch of silk here and there.

These wool embroideries are very popular in Paris. Elaborate Rumanian designs are carefully copied, and in some cases the most crude colours are chosen. Everything depends on the manner in which such colours are blended.

For afternoon wear similar sashes are embroidered in coarse silks, with porcelain beads introduced in parts of the design.

In a sash of this kind the fringes would also be made of beads.

On many of the new tailor-made coats high collars of the Directoire order are introduced. Very often these collars are placed on coats which have no other

connection with the Directoire period. This is rather a curious fashion, but it has almost always happened, up to the present, that Directoire and Empire collars have appeared on coats belonging to the same period, and on no others.

DIRECTOIRE COLLARS REVIVED.

It is possible that the present rage for the large roll-over collar which we associate with Napoleon in his younger days may be only a passing fancy, but it is equally possible that it may be a herald of a genuine Directoire and Empire revival. One of the best known dressmakers in Paris recently introduced an exaggerated "Empire" costume into a modern play, and this experiment set people



The new outline. Bolero and skirt of deep sapphire-blue satin. Black and white striped silk waistcoat.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 88.



A flower amongst the flowers. Readers are left to guess the names of the originals, and prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of the names of the originals, with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits are appearing. (Continued.)

talking. At the moment the "revival" is in the balance, but there are indications which make me feel certain that we shall be "very Directoire indeed" before the first breath of autumn rushes away the summer roses.

Parisian tailors are making charming suits in black and white check materials for the Riviera season. The Directoire order is very popular in France of these stuffs, and they wear them with incomparable grace. It is not every woman who can wear a black and white check tailor-made without looking a trifle "fast."

It is hard to explain why this particular compression is given by the material just named, but the fact remains.

PARISIENNE.

REPLY OF THE BLONDES.

People Think Them Fickle Because They Are Jolly and Friendly with Everybody.

English blondes will not for a moment admit that there is any justification for the attitude on the type made by an American Judge and a divorce lawyer, as reported on this page of *The Daily Mirror*.

I am rather surprised (says "Blonde," holloway, very pointedly) that as blondes are reported to be so "fickle" and "vain," so many brunettes dye their hair and try in every conceivable way to appear to be blondes.

After reading your article, my sister and I, who are both blondes, compared the characters of both our blondes and brunettes friends, and with all due regard to brunettes in general, I may say that in every instance the brunettes' characters, as we know them, did not come up to the standard of good points to be found in the blondes' characters.

"We can't help being blondes," writes "True Blonde," of Coventry, rather plaintively.

I think the disposition of blondes is generally misunderstood. They like to be friendly and jolly with everyone, including men; but, of course, if you are friendly with men, you are bound to be friendly with women.

I can see all future old maids being blondes.



AFTERNOON TEA

The Cup that Cheers.

DRINK and ENJOY

LIPTONS TEA

The Finest the World can produce

Delicious leading blends, 1/6 & 1/4

SAVE THE WRAPPER

Branches & Agencies Everywhere

Please send a Post Card for the Name of nearest Branch or Agency.

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CHILBLAINS

NEW SKIN is the best thing known; prevents breaking and quickly cures. Also for chaps. Treat it on and forget them. Won't wash off; you can wash over it. Antiseptic. Imitations disappoint. (Per bottle, 7½d.) Boots' 655 shops, and all chemists and stores.

NEW-SKIN

FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO.

SO SAYS EMINENT SPECIALIST.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the dreaded kidney disease.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which forms uric acid, excites the kidneys, and they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up; and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatic "twinges," severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, and bladder and kidney irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmelle compound from your chemist and take 8 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water 3 times a day, after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It also neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders.

This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from Kidney or Bladder trouble should give it a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It also neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders.

—(Advt.)

No MORE GREY HAIR

You can easily avoid that most disgusting sign of age—grey hair—by using VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

which imparts a natural colour, light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect cleanser, and harmless stain, washable and lasting. One bottle, most easy to apply. No colour nor stickiness. Does not soil the pillow. Price (securely packed) 1s. 2s. and 5s. per bottle. By post 3d. extra. Address—

E. L. VALENTINE, 57A, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

NEW SERIAL

BEGIN TO-DAY.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

THE CHARACTERS.

FRITZ KAVANAGH, a young man of twenty-five, travelling before settling down to a political career. He is on his way to India when he meets

SUZANNE CLOAN, the beautiful wife of

MICHAEL CLOAN, known as "Rajah" Cloan, owner of vast plantations in the East.

CAROLINE CLOAN, Cloan's sister, a militant suffragette.

REGGIE LOMBARD, Kavanagh's cousin.

CHIEF INSPECTOR SLEW of Scotland Yard.

THE STORY.

The story opens on board the Mooltana, bound for India. Fritz Kavanagh meets the acquaintance of Suzanne Cloan, who is going out to Ceylon to join her husband. Kavanagh perceives at once that she is unhappy. He suspects that "Rajah" Cloan, ruler over armies of native labour and with the reputation of a bully, is not a suitable husband for a woman with the ideas and temperament of Mrs. Cloan. Before the ship has reached Colombo Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she, too, is not indifferent to him, but no word of love has spoken between them.

Eight months afterwards Kavanagh is back in London and meets Cloan at his club. The "Rajah" asks the young man to dinner at his home, and actuated by a desire to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cloan, Kavanagh accepts. When he arrives at the house he finds Cloan hopelessly drunk. He discovers the cause of the husband's unhappiness.

He meets the real Cloan falls into a drunken sleep, and Kavanagh joins Mrs. Cloan in the drawing-room. He finds her weeping bitterly. Moved by compassion and affection for her, he arms himself with a revolver, expressing passion, sympathy and a man's craving to protect a woman.

And then, suddenly, he is seized and strangled. She states that he released her and swings round. The door is open. "Rajah" Cloan stands on the threshold, staring himself against the light. He comes forward to attack Kavanagh, but trips, falls and strikes his head heavily.

Consciousness returns. Kavanagh does his best for the "Rajah," and a doctor is called.

When Kavanagh arrives at his flat he finds Reggie Lombard waiting to see him. A remark from Lombard leads Kavanagh to the discovery that he has brought away Cloan's passport from the "Rajah's" house in mistake for his own. He puts his hand in his pocket and brings out a note. It is a short love letter addressed to Michael Cloan. The signature is "Aimee." He reads the address on the note.

He reads the note, and then, to his surprise, finds that his mind when Lombard tells him that he has got entangled with this same woman. Her husband, who goes by the names of De Castro and who is blackmailing Lombard. The following morning, however, Kavanagh and Lombard read in the paper that De Castro has been found murdered in his flat.

Chief Inspector Slew, of Scotland Yard, investigates the murder.

When Cloan recovers consciousness he remembers nothing of the events of the previous night. Caroline Cloan, however, who hates Suzanne, prompts his memory and he recognises seeing his wife in Kavanagh's arms.

He sends for Suzanne and tells her about Kavanagh. Suzanne manages to quell his suspicions, but she is not so

Slew investigates the identity of a woman's photograph which he finds on some films in the murdered man's flat. Trant, a theatrical agent, identifies the woman.

CHAPTER X. (continued).

SLEW motioned the theatrical agent to a chair. Penmore, of the World-wide Film Co., had enlarged and reproduced separately certain portions of the anonymous film. It had struck Mr. Slew at the time that the gestures of the lady in the bathing-dress were professional. He was very anxious to arrive at her identity and the locality of the bungalow on a river. He had sent out a number of his men, armed with copies of an enlargement of the lady in the bathing-dress, to visit photographers who made a feature of theatrical photographs and theatrical agents.

He reached out a hand, and the Scotland Yard man handed him a package. Slew took a photograph from it.

"You have identified the—er—lady in this photo?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Trant. "A Miss Buona Ayres. I shopped her some two years ago—gave her a small part in the revue that ran at the Granada, 'What's Yours?'"

Mr. Slew smiled faintly. His was generally plain souls, though sometimes strengthened with a little whisky.

"Do you know where she is now?" he asked.

"No."

"Where did you last see her?"

"A few days after the revue finished. She came to my office about getting another shop. I had nothing for her; but I ran up against her the next day, and she told me that she had been engaged for a film play at exceedingly good terms."

"Ah!" said Mr. Slew. But the ejaculation conveyed nothing. "Do you remember for what firm?"

"No. Can't remember. Wait a minute, though. A Paris firm I remember that. She was delighted at the idea of going to Paris."

"Yes. Do you know anything about her personally?"

"She had seen a lot of the world. Been pretty well everywhere. I remember her telling me that she was a most strikingly attractive woman. She didn't figure prominently in the revue; but she had great numbers of men after her. Her salary was comparatively small."

"And did not correspond with her style of living?" suggested Slew.

"The agent nodded."

"Of course, my remembrance of her is chiefly associated with my office. One hears things."

"Quite so," remarked Slew. It occurred to him that the doorkeeper of the Granada might be a source of more intimate information on the subject of Buona Ayres' admirers. "But did you ever hear any definite names associated with her?"

"I can't really remember. It's some time ago."

"Quite so," said Mr. Slew, understandingly. "I'm much obliged to you. But the lady spoke of her travels to you."

"Yes."

"Has she ever been in the Argentine?"

"Yes."

"Australia?"

"I think so."

"Anything?"

(Translation, Dramatic, and all other rights secured. Copyright, U.S.A.)

"Yes, I've an idea she told me that she was born in Colombo."

"Indeed," said Mr. Slew.

"We occasionally had a little chat when she came to my office," explained the theatrical agent casually.

It seemed to him unnecessary to mention that he had taken the attractive Buona Ayres out to dinner unofficially.

Slew stroked his moustache.

"You're a man of business, Mr. Trant?"

"I am."

"You understand the meaning of 'strictly confidential'?"

The theatrical agent smiled.

"Then you will oblige me by treating this interview as—er—strictly confidential."

"Very well."

"The lady told you nothing of her parentage? Only that she was born in Colombo?" continued Slew.

"That's all, as far as I can remember."

"Thank you," said Slew, rising and holding out a hand courteously. "I'm much obliged."

When he was alone, he stroked his moustache unconsciously.

It might have been a quicker way to have arrived at the lady's identity and the locality of the bungalow had he published photographs in the daily papers and appealed for information.

But this would have entailed publicity. He touched a bell. The detective-sergeant who had discovered Trant returned to the room.

"Manson, I want you to get round to the Granada. If the stage-doorkeeper happens to be the man who was there when that revue, 'What's Yours?' was running, get every ounce of information out of him that you can about Buona Ayres, but—er—discreetly."

"Yes, sir."

No sooner was Manson gone than another of Slew's men entered. He handed Slew a written report.

"Thanks," said Slew when he had read it through.

The report eliminated "Rajah" Cloan as far as the actual crime of Garth Mansons was concerned. But the inquiry had been worth while.

After that yet another visitor. A bearded, scientific-looking gentleman, with gold-rimmed spectacles, entered. He shook hands with Slew. Professor Salt was a distinguished analytical chemist, who had rendered great services to the Home Office, who employed him officially.

"I've nothing very definite for you," said Mr. Slew apologetically. He smiled faintly. "It is a question of trying to identify an explosive by what Mrs. Gladwyn calls 'what you may call a funny smell.'"

Professor Salt smiled sternly and scientifically.

"We have been faced with more difficult propositions, Slew."

Slew had a sense of humour.

"It occurred to me—only as a layman—that we might arrive at a conclusion by submitting Mrs. Gladwyn to a number of smell-tests—smells characteristic of different explosives. I tried the film-smell on her personally. But it was not the—er—what you may call a funny smell."

"Certainly! Smell and taste play a far bigger part in analysis than the layman realises, Slew. You had better bring Mrs. Gladwyn to my laboratory."

"Poor Mrs. Gladwyn!" murmured Slew. "However—"

Professor Salt's stern, scientific face relaxed into a smile. The appointment made he retired.

The door had scarcely closed on him when the telephone bell hummed.

"Hello!"

"Mr. Slew, sir?"

"Yes."

"I'm Johnson, sir. I'm speaking from the office of Moreton and Cunliffe, house agents, Datcham. I showed Mr. Moreton that enlarged photograph."

He said that it was a part of a bungalow on Datcham Reach—the Nook. It's on his books. He had the letting of it to a Mrs. Morland; the present tenant."

Mr. Slew had addressed himself to riverside house agents as well as theatrical photographers and agents.

"Ah!" he exclaimed into the telephone, and glanced at his watch. "Kindly ask Mr. Moreton if he can see me in an hour and a quarter's time."

"Yes, sir," came back in a few moments.

Two minutes later Mr. Slew was in a taxi-cab. He yawned. He had had very little sleep since he had been summoned to No. 1, Garth Mansons. But quite considerable progress had been made in a very little time comparatively.

As the cab drew up at Waterloo Station Slew brought up his massive head with a jerk. He had nearly fallen asleep.

He had just time to buy several evening papers before catching his train to Datcham-on-Thames.

"Miserable creatures!" he muttered as the train steamed away, and his eye caught the headlines proclaiming the latest suffragette incendiarism. "I don't envy Penn."

His colleague, Chief Inspector Penn, was wholly occupied with the investigation of these outrages, which did not directly enter Slew's province.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Slew reached the offices of Moreton and Cunliffe, house agents, in winding Datcham High-street. It was still quite light. The long June day had not yet spent itself. The offices were closed, but Mr. Moreton had remained behind. He was a good-looking, middle-aged man with smooth hair and a waxed moustache.

Slew expressed himself extremely obliged. Detective-Sergeant Johnson had waited for his chief.

Slew remarked to Mr. Moreton in his deep-noted voice, much as he had done to Trant, the theatrical agent, that Mr. Moreton, being a man of business, would understand the significance of the phrase "strictly confidential."

"You believe that photograph to include a part

(Continued on page 13.)

Sore throat and bronchitis

Bronchitis is the most common of all winter ailments—dangerous to adults, but doubly dangerous to young children. Yet bronchitis is preventable. A course of SCOTT'S Emulsion will prevent cold or stop the cold from reaching the bronchial mucous membrane. In cases of chronic bronchitis SCOTT'S allays inflammation, eases the hacking cough and aids nature to effect a permanent cure.

"My little daughter was troubled with sore throat and bronchitis. She had no appetite and refused any nourishment. We gave SCOTT'S a trial, with astonishing results. It has completely restored her, and built her up to a fat little girl. She dances with delight when she sees the Scott's Emulsion bottle (and the man with the big fish) and asks her sister to taste." (Signed) Mrs. B. B. Chadwick, Baden Villa, 32 Westbourne Rd., Walsall. 30/11/12.

The constant winter danger of colds, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, pleurisy, pneumonia or even consumption can be avoided by building up and strengthening every part of the body with

SCOTT'S Emulsion

Not a secret remedy—it is a palatable, easily-digested combination of the world's purest cod liver oil with strength-making hypophosphites and purest glycerine. In every part of the civilised world SCOTT'S Emulsion is approved by doctors. During 39 years it has maintained its reputation as the best builder-up for man, woman and child. Avoid inferior imitations by seeing the trade mark on the package.

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A POSITIVE CURE GUARANTEED. No Partial or Fading Effects by Free Samples.

NO DYEING OR STAINING. Descriptive Booklet SENT FREE under cover for successful and simple home treatment, showing how the ORIGINAL colour of the hair can be POSITIVELY REPRODUCED AND RETAINED. Characteristic of all the charm and brilliancy of youth by a harmless and Natural process of stimulation, requiring no special preparation or deviation from the ordinary mode of toilet. THE ONE SATISFACTORY AND EFFECTUAL REMEDY, pleasant and refreshing. Undetectable in use and entirely free from the objections of dyes, stains and artificial colourings.

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GRAMOPHONE, hornless, inlaid Sheraton cabinet, height 4 ft., record cupboard, completely enclosed on wheels, roads, 25 lbs., approx.—5, Auber-park, Highbury, London. PIANOS.—Boys, Ltd., sup. their gold medal pianos on deferred payments: 1 for cash; carriage free; catalogue free.—Boys, Ltd., 10, Holborn, London, E.C.

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When you dine at a fine restaurant, remember that the soups and sauces are thickened with Corn Flour. The same smooth creaminess and delicate flavour can be given to your home cookery; but don't ask for "Corn Flour"—ask for

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

—the kind that made Corn Flour famous.

Every packet contains recipes and a pink cookery-book coupon.

Foiled by Anæmia.

She was too ill for a Business Post Until Made Strong and Well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

How Anæmia prevented an ambitious lady from adopting a promising business career was explained to a representative recently by Mrs. Hilda L. Wick, of 9 Clifton-street, Bedminster, Bristol.

"I was 17," stated Mrs. Wick, "when anæmia began to undermine my health. Although prepared to enter a business house, all thought of doing so had to be put aside. For twelve months I went on doctoring without more than passing benefit.



"Then my appetite had gone, and instead of enjoying meals I had no desire for food. Some days the mere thought of eating filled me with nausea. I was tired and listless all the time.

"Day after day a dragging pain attacked my back; splitting headaches tortured me for days together and left me fearfully low-spirited. Doctors said that I was suffering from Anæmia, but medicine did not seem any good to me. Time after time I fainted; palpitation distressed me greatly; I could only breathe in short, sharp gasps; and my cheeks looked perfectly bloodless. For twelve months my health advanced to a precarious state.

"It was then suggested that I should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Almost from the first few doses I gained strength and felt hungry.

"After a few more days' treatment with these Pills I slept soundly and well. Then in time my nerves were toned up, and all pains and all trace of bloodlessness left me. I have remained strong ever since my cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

THE FREE BOOK.—Send a postcard NOW to Dr. Williams' Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for a useful, helpful, Free Health Guide to "The Blood and Its Work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured innumerable cases of Anæmia, Indigestion, Palpitation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, and Diseases of the Blood and Nerves. Of dealers, or, post free, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., price 2s. 9d. for one box or 18s. 9d. for six boxes. Be firm when imitations are offered by the shopkeeper, and buy only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."—(Advt.)

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR.

Make it thick, glossy, wavy, luxuriant and remove all dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant, and appears as soft, lustrous, and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Dandarine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Dandarine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dirt, dust and excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Dandarine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for ever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, get a 1s. 11d. bottle of Knowlton's Dandarine from any Chemist, and just try it.—(Advt.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

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THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Captain Inch as London Freeman.

Captain Inch, of the Volturo, was among the applicants for the freedom of the City of London yesterday, and the application was granted amid cheers.

Drowned in 3ft. of Water.

A chimney-sweep committed suicide by drowning himself in 3ft. of water at the Highgate bathing ponds, it was stated yesterday at a St. Pancras inquest.

English Duke Robbed in Naples.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is staying at Naples, was the victim of pickpockets, who (says a Reuter message) robbed him of a valuable watch and chain.

A Crown for a Prince.

After receiving a denutation offering him the Crown of Albania, Prince William of Wied, says a Berlin message, will leave for his new kingdom in a German warship.

THREE NEW BISHOPS.

Appointments to Recently Created Dioceses Approved by the King.

The appointment of three new Bishops has just been approved by the King. The Bishops and their dioceses are:—

Bishop of Sheffield—The Right Rev. L. H. Burrows.
Bishop of Salisbury—The Right Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield.
Bishop of St. James's—The Right Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield.
Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich—The Ven. H. B. Hodgson, Archbishop of Lindisfarne (Northumberland).

Appointed to his church of St. James, the Less some seventeen years ago, the new Bishop of Chelmsford has distinguished himself as an organiser.

Bishop Burrows was formerly vicar of Godalming, and the new Bishop of Edmonsbury has been Archbishop of Lindisfarne since 1904.

(Photographs on page 8.)

STOCKS AND SHARES.

2, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

From the two dividends declared yesterday some idea as to how London's Underground railways have been faring can be gleaned. The two companies to make their announcements were the Metropolitan District and the London Electric.

The District distribution is at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum on the 5 per cent. Second Preference stock, making 25 per cent. for the year; £20,000 is placed to renewals, and £12,650 is carried forward. A year ago it was 2 per cent. per annum, making 2 per cent. for the year; £20,000 was placed to renewals (in two instalments of £10,000 at the end of each half-year), and £8,500 was carried forward.

In the case of the London Electric, the dividend is at 1 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary stock, making 1 per cent. for the year; £8,000 is placed to contingencies and renewals, and £1,066 is carried forward. A year ago it was at the same rate; £15,000 was placed to renewals (in two instalments of £7,500 at the end of each half-year), and £3,107 was carried forward.

A pleasant surprise was forthcoming in the South African market yesterday in the shape of an interim dividend declaration of a shilling a share by the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa.

Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Press Ordinary, on profit-taking, fell 1-16 to 9s. but the Preference were steady at 22s. 6d. Associated Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. 6d. and 21s. 3d. respectively, and Pictorial Ordinary and Preference at 22s. 9d. and 18s. 6d.

THE MOST BRILLIANT DANCE OF THE SEASON



THE CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
"BLACK & TANGO"

Peace in Peru.

Cables received at Liverpool yesterday from Peru state that the President has resigned and that everything is quiet.

South Pole Dog Found.

Kris, the leucine ledge dog which, brought back by Mr. Cherry Gardard from the Scott South Pole expedition, escaped, as stated in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, has been found and restored to his home.

Three Women Voters in Paris.

PARIS, Feb. 5.—Dr. Pillot, the president of the League of Women's Rights, and two other French women succeeded in registering their names on the parliamentary voters' list yesterday in one of the warden's Paris.

Fruit Cheap Again.

Fruit has become cheap again. The plentiful supply are due to a record crop in South Africa, and one cargo that arrived by the s.s. Walmer Castle on Tuesday was the biggest ever sent from the Cape, comprising no fewer than 24,000 boxes.

What Every Woman Forgets

(Continued from page 12.)

of a bungalow—the Nook, on Datchman Reach?" he asked.

"Yes. Certain."

"Tennanted by a Mrs. Morland?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Since the March quarter. Mrs. Morland took it chiefly as a week-end place."

"Is she here now?"

"I couldn't tell you, Mr. Slew."

The Nook was nearly half a mile beyond the town proper.

"Do you happen to know" was Slew's next question, "if there is a Mr. Morland?"

The house agent hesitated.

"Is there?"

"I've heard Mr. Morland turns up sometimes."

"I see," said Mr. Slew. His manner implied that he quite understood the house agent's hesitation.

"Do you know the gentleman personally—or by sight?"

"No. I saw his taxicab, late one evening, outside the bungalow."

"Excuse me, but how did you know it was—Mr. Morland's?"

"He called on business about the bungalow, at the request of the landlady."

"Late in the evening?" asked Mr. Slew, mildly.

Mr. Moreton flushed slightly. Mr. Slew appeared not to observe.

"The maid told me," said Mr. Moreton, "that Mrs. Morland had gone on the river with Mr. Morland, and she did not know what time they would return."

"One moment," interposed Mr. Slew, "but how did you arrive at the conclusion that the taxicab had brought Mr. Morland?"

"The maid told me, as a matter of fact, that Mr. Morland had arrived by taxi from London."

Mr. Moreton's face was still slightly flushed.

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS OF THE SESSION.

Both the Cabinet and the Unionist leaders held meetings yesterday. His Majesty's Ministers were considering the final draft of the Royal Speech for the opening of Parliament next Tuesday. The leaders of His Majesty's Opposition were discussing the plan of campaign for the coming session.

There was a full muster at the conference of Unionist leaders, the attendance including Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Cave, whose presence may be taken to indicate, as *The Daily Mirror* fore-shadowed many months ago, that they will be invited to join the next Unionist Government.

The Cult of Beauty.

A RARE COLLECTION OF BEAUTY HINTS FROM NEAR AND FAR—HOME RECIPES.

Getting Rid of Female Moustaches.

"Practical Suggestions."

To women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pumice may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin. * * * Objectionable body odours resulting from perspiration and other causes may be instantly banished by simply applying a little powdered (white) percol to the affected surface occasionally.

How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

"Home Talents."

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stout dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stout seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed 1/2b. packages, which retail at half a crown. However, as this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end.

The Powder Puff Passes.

"Boudoir Talks."

Every normal woman is always interested in any plan by which she can quickly enhance her beauty, provided the plan is perfectly safe and simple. Ever since the discovery that ordinary kienitic, such as any chemist can supply, is an instantaneous and harmless beautifier, there has been a growing demand for it from smart women everywhere. They usually get about an ounce and add just enough water to dissolve it. A little of this perfectly harmless lotion gives a beautiful complexion to any face instantly. It renders face powder quite unnecessary. Moreover, its use cannot be detected. The skin is instantly beautified by its use. It is perfectly natural under the closest scrutiny. * * * To make the eyelashes grow long, dark and curling, apply a little marmaline with the finger-tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well.

To Renew Complexions without Cosmetics.

"Home Science."

If the excessive user of cosmetics only knew the impression the inefficient use makes upon others she would quickly seek the means of gaining a natural complexion. Let her acquire the mercerised wax habit, discarding make-up entirely, and she will soon have the kind of complexion that women covet. It is so easy to get a little mercerised wax from the chemist and use it nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Gradually the lifeless, soiled outer cuticle peels off in tiny invisible flakes, and in a week or so you have a brand new complexion, clear, soft, velvety, and of girlish colour and texture. The treatment is so simple, harmless, and marvellously effective, the wonder is that every woman whose skin is withered and discoloured has not already adopted it.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Advt.)

YOUR FRIEND ABROAD

WILL APPRECIATE

The OVERSEAS 'DAILY MIRROR.'

It is the most popular Pictorial Weekly in the World.

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THE "PADDY" JUNR. KNIFE CLEANER

Guaranteed to Clean and Polish 6 to 8 knives a minute. Does not wear the blades.

WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

Sold by Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Sperry & Pond, Jones & Husbands, Arding & Hobbs, Holdron's (Batham), and obtainable through all Ironmongers and Stores.

sent direct on 7 days' approval on receipt of the price 1/6 and 3d. postage.

The Paddy Cleaner Co. (Dept. N), 13, Barmam Road, Crofton Park, LONDON, S.E.

GREAT VICTORY OVER

RHEUMATISM & GOUT

Marvellous New Discovery Utterly Roots
out Diseases from System.

10,000 2/9 Boxes FREE.

their to cause a more exquisite or prolonged agony than Rheumatism or Gout, nor is there any more prevalent in these Islands, where the very nature of our diet is responsible for the excess of Uric Acid in the blood. The tiny tubes in the Kidneys are congested by its action, and the blood passing through them is rendered more and more poisonous. The poisonous acid then flows back into the blood, spreads through the System, and deposits tiny little crystals in the bones, joints, and muscles. Upon the least exposure to wet or cold, the acute pains immediately begin their ever-increasing torments. It is obvious, therefore, where the cause of the trouble is, that the cure must be directed to the cause.

For years, one of the most eminent Continental Scientists, Professor Tissandier, has devoted himself to the study of this particular Acid with a view to neutralising its effects and has at last discovered in "Sanadones" a combination of re-agents which forms a powerful antidote to the poison, and completely expels it from the System. These re-agents, together with a renal stimulant and blood purifier, have been combined by Professor Tissandier in a highly concentrated form, which is easy and pleasant to take, and has absolutely no injurious after-effects of any kind whatsoever.

INSTANT RELIEF

In order to let you test the truth of this for yourself, a full-size 2s. 9d. Box will be sent you

ABSOLUTELY FREE
if you simply write for it, enclosing coupon below.
No less than 10,000 Boxes have been set apart for

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COUPON.
This Certificate, and 6d. to defray cost of

packing, postage, etc., entitles the holder to one full-size 2s. 9d. Box of "Sanadones," the guaranteed remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis, and Lumbago:

GOOD FOR THREE DAYS.
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15, 17 & 19, Victoria Street, Chelsea, London, E.C.

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IN
GLORIOUS DEVON

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CORNISH RIVIERA

Special Winter Excursions.
FRIDAYS, February 13 & 27,
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PADDINGTON **Dep. 1.30 p.m.**
To Taunton (15/-), Minehead (16/-), Ilfracombe (21/6),
Barnstaple (20/-), Exeter (17/-), Dawlish and Teign-
mouth (19/-), Newton Abbot, Moretonhampstead, and
Totnes (19/-), Brixton (19/-), Bournemouth (19/-), Dorchester (19/-), Exeter (17/-), Plymouth (19/-), and
Plymouth (19/-).

Torquay (1976), Paignton (20/-), Brixham (20/6), Dartmouth and Totnes (21/-), Kingsbridge (for Salcombe), Plymouth, and Devonport (22/-). Liskeard (24/-), Looe, Bodmin, Wadebridge, and Fowey (25/-). Newquay and Truro (26/-). Falmouth and Helston (for Lizard) (27/-).

HOLIDAY SEASON TICKETS at CHEAP RATES
covering the most delightful districts in Devon and Cornwall will also be issued..

Tickets, bills, pamphlets, &c., obtainable at Company's stations, offices or Tourist Development Office, 65, Haymarket, &c., or send postcard to

FRANK POTTER, General Manager,

WANTED TO PURCHASE.
ANTIQUES, old coloured sporting and other prints, old china, silk-work pictures, Toby jugs, glass pictures, bought for cash.—Folkards (estd. 1814), 355, Oxford-st., W.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought all wishing to receive full value should apply to the dental manufacturers instead of to provincial buyers; if forwarded by post utmost value per return on offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st; London, Est.

over 100 years. Note No.—83.
CAST-OFF Clothes.—All Uniforms, Lace, Teeth, Jewellery, etc., bought at highest prices; buyers attend free; cash by return for parcels.—Myers and Co., 96, 98, Notting Hill Gate, London. Phone, 1845 Park. Est. 50 years.

CHINA.—Buy direct. Save money. We specialise in household orders. Special complete home outfit, 21s. Lovely tea, dinner and toilet sets, from 5s. Thousands of delighted customers, including Royal Household, Buckingham Palace. Beautiful designs in all classes of china, pot-

EXTRA Pocket Money.—Gold, Jewellery, Watches, Chains, Rings, Trinkets, Silver Antiques and Precious Stones

12. Kings, Princes, and Princes and Princes Stones
bought for Cash by Frasers, the well-known and most re-
liable house; best value sent for parcels or offers made; re-
ferences, Capital and Counties Bank.—Frasers (Ipswich),
Ltd., Goldsmiths (Desk 63), Princes-st., Ipswich. Est. 1833.
FALSE Teeth Bought, any condition; 7d. to 2s. 6d. per

platinum-pinned tooth on vulcanite, 6s. on silver, 12s. on gold, 30s. on platinum; platinum scrap, 28 10s. per oz. any quantity; call or post; reliable; established 1835; bankers, Lloyds; tel., 5030 City.—I. Rayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester.

GENT'S, Ladies' second-hand Clothes; good prices parcels.
—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, London.
OLD Teeth, broken Jewellery, Plate, Antiques, etc.; good
prices by return.—Pearce and Co., 24, High Holborn.
STANLEY and Co. give highest possible prices by return.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.
CANARIES, every variety choicest. British birds, tall

CANARIES, every variety, cheapest; British birds, talking parrots, etc.; list free.—Rudd, Specialist, Norwich.

Death Sentence on Sumner for the Murder of Miss Bradfield.

See Pages
1 and 3.

EX-TRAMP PRE-SENTS HIS STATUE TO U.S.A.: SEE PAGE 8.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

SUCCESS OF CHICAGO'S GIRL BOOT-BLACKS: SEE PAGE 8.

"GENERAL JOHN REGAN" CAUSES A RIOT IN IRELAND.



Canon Hannay talking to Mr. Hawtrey.

Rioting occurred at Westport, Co. Mayo, following a performance of "General John Regan." The author, Canon Hannay (George A. Birmingham), was for twenty years



A scene from the piece, showing the statue which plays an important part in the plot.

rector of Westport. He is seen talking to Mr. Charles Hawtrey at one of the rehearsals in London. —(Daily Mirror and Foulsham and Banfield.)

SIR THOMAS DEWAR SHOOTS BIG GAME IN AFRICA.



Sir Thomas shooting a long black maned lion, one of the first animals to fall to his gun.



Waiting to see Sir Thomas.

Many fine trophies have been secured by Sir Thomas Dewar, who is big game hunting in British East Africa. The women whom he received are the wives of a Masai. This is a fierce, warlike tribe, which resents the English occupation and looks down upon all white people. —(C.N.)



Natives swimming a river with one of the trophies.

WEAKLING TO WEIGHT-LIFTER.



Miss Bauman, an American girl, lifting a 145lb. dumb-bell. Four years ago she was a weakling, when she took up physical culture.